

down to the opening of 1644, were written between 1646 and 1648. They were not intended for publication, but for the King and his advisers, not merely as a record of events but as a manual of political doctrine. His purpose was to tell his story "lest posterity may be deceived," to show why Charles I had lost his throne and how it could be regained.

Hyde was particularly well equipped for his task. He had started his public career as a member of the Opposition, angered, like the great majority of the members of the Long Parliament, by the abuses of personal government. He was never much drawn to Charles I, and he deplored his readiness to listen to evil counsellors, Buckingham above all. When, however, as the struggle developed, Pym and the Parliamentary leaders claimed executive control, the founder of the Tory party took his stand for the cause of limited monarchy and championed it to the end. Like Mirabeau he believed that it was the best form of government, and argued that, when the abuses of autocracy had been swept away, his clear duty was to support the King. In this early draft the young kwyer remains almost entirely in the background, content to vindicate the party of moderate Royalists to which he belonged.

Why Hyde left his narrative a torso during the long years of exile and leisure we do not know. A second and final misfortune provided the stimulus to its completion. When he fled to France at the end of 1667, after ruling England with a rather heavy hand since the Restoration, he left his manuscripts and papers behind. Instead of continuing the detailed narrative after an interruption of twenty years, he now wrote the story of his life down to 1660, covering some of the old ground but dwelling at length on his early years. The lack of documents proved a blessing for literature by compelling him

to trust to his memory. The Autobiography, composed mainly for his children, reveals the author and the friends of his early manhood in vivid colours. His style is cumbrous and his sentences are often too long, but it possesses a certain massive strength. There is no finer portrait gallery in existence than these elaborate studies, with the incomparable Falkland in the peak of honour. The *History of the Rebellion* is the vindication of his party, the autobiography the vindication of himself. If, like other autobiographers, he sometimes flatters himself, he was free from vanity; he admits failings, and the picture is fairly true to life. The book, of which a critical edition is sorely needed, is as superior to